CHEAP REPOSITORY.

JOHN the SHOPKEEPER
TURNED
SAILOR;
OR, THE
Folly of going out of our Element.

In which a particular Account is given of the several Branches of this worthy Family.

PART II.

Sold by J. MARSHALL,
(PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Religious and Moral Tracts) No. 17, Queen-Street, Cheapside, and No. 4, Aldermary Church-Yard; and R. WHITE, Piccadilly, LONDON.
By S. HAZARD, at Bath; and by all Booksellers, Newsmen and Hawkers, in Town and Country.
Price an Halfpenny, or 2s. 3d. per 100.—1s. 6d. for 50.
9d. for 25.
[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

JOHN the SHOPKEEPER, &c.

'TWAS told you in a former lay,
How on a luckleſs evil day
The Trader John, a landſman brave,
Left the dry ground to try the wave.
But here the poet muſt rehearſe,
In ſoft, and ſweet, and tender verſe,
How gentle Johnny had a wife,
The joy and ſolace of his life,
The ſharer of his griefs and cares,
Privy to all his great affairs;
One who when ty'd in wedlock's nooſe
Had prov'd a helpmate fit for uſe;
One whom he married—not for whim—
But who could keep his houſe in trim;
No high-flown miſs, or Belle, or Beauty,
A ſimple Girl that knew her duty;
Had well obey'd her Father, Mother,
And counſell'd well her younger Brother;
Healthy when young, and rather ſtout:
Moral?—nay more, ſhe was devout:
And now a Chriſtian quite at heart,
She carefully fulfils her part,
Well ſkill'd alike her houſe to guide,
And ſerve the ſhop at Johnny's ſide.

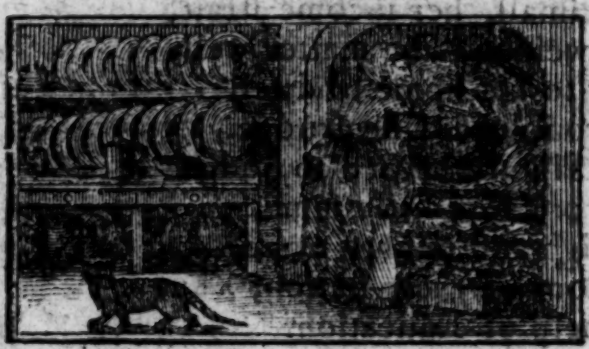
See now ſhe works to help the trade,
And now inſtructs her under maid;

But 'tis her chief and ſpecial care,
Her Huſband's daily toil to ſpare;
When ſick, or weary and oppreſt,
To eaſe the troubles of his breaſt,
To ſoothe his ſorrows, calm his fears,
And help him thro' this vale of tears;
Remind him where his treaſure lies,
And point to realms above the ſkies,
Where, when this ſhifting ſcene is o'er,
The faithful meet to part no more.
Now twenty ſummers or above
Have glided by and prov'd her love:
And though they may have marr'd her face,
Have ripen'd many a Chriſtian Grace;
Hence it may now be fairly gueſs'd,
Her lateſt days ſhall be her beſt.
John knows her worth, and now-a-days,
He grows quite eager in her praiſe;
For ev'ry calling friend is told,
" My Wife is worth her weight in Gold."
To this bleſt couple there was born,
One Daughter cheerful as the morn;

A Maiden ſhe of ſpotleſs fame,
E'en in her mirth quite clear from blame.
Train'd in Religion's "narrow way,"
Her mind untainted by a Play,
She hates your giddy glitt'ring ſcenes,
Tho' long ſince enter'd on her teens;
Sees all things in a proper light,
And vice quite puts her in a fright;
Prompt and obedient from a Child,
Obliging, humble, meek and mild;
Still, before ſtrangers, as a mouſe;
Yet vaſtly uſeful in the Houſe—
Toils for the ſhop, tho' ſeldom ſeen;
—Ah!—there ſhe ſits behind the ſcreen;
There, like ſome flower both ſweet and gay,
She ſhuns as yet the blaze of day;
(Well does her praiſe adorn my tale)
A new-blown Lily of the Vale.
Now ſhould perchance ſome fool draw near,
And get to whiſper in her ear,
Of Plays, and Balls, and Fairs, and Races,
Fine mid-night Routs, and public Places,
And wonder how ſhe can endure,
A life ſo uſeful and ſo pure—
Extol her form, her piercing Eyes,
And tell a hundred flatt'ring lies;
—While the ſweet praiſe he thinks ſhe ſips,
The tortur'd Maiden bites her lips;
Thinks his fine flatt'ry mere pretence,
And longs to tell him to talk ſenſe;
Yet dreads to take the dunce in hand,
Leſt he ſhould ſtill not underſtand.
But ſhould he let his *vice* peep out,
The meek-ey'd Girl can then turn ſtout;

For once ('tis ſaid) in terms direct,
A ſpruce and ſaucy ſpark ſhe check'd;
(She grew ſo ſolemn in her ſpeeches
The Bucks give out that "Nancy preaches")
And once put on the ſweeteſt air,
And begg'd a Carman not to ſwear.
Thus while ſhe ſpends her peaceful days,
Her parents' care ſhe well repays;
Honors her father, loves her mother,
She'll prove methinks juſt ſuch another;
And tho' ſcarce ſeen, except at church,
The men won't leave her in the lurch;
Some honeſt Chriſtian man ſhe'll ſtrike,
No Buck or Blood—for like loves like.
Next in my ſong, of equal fame,
Comes a good honeſt antient dame;
John's mother—with no fault but one—
I mean—ſhe doated on her ſon;
For when her own dear ſpouſe was gone,
Her whole affections fell to John;
'Twas then, the widow's age ſo great,
Her proſpects ſmall, her income ſtrait,
That Johnny weighed the matter well,
And took her to his home to dwell:
No coſt or trouble did he grudge,
For John had rightly learn'd to judge
That people, once of little fame,
But now of high and mighty name,
Oft owe the glory of their ſtation,
To the mere help of Education.
Quoth he—"Were all men good and true,
"Their wealth, methinks, might half be due,
"To ſome good dame who now is found
"Quite thruſt upon the mere back ground:

" Beſides (he added half in tears)
" A child is always in arrears,
" In debt, alas! o'er head and ears,"
Oh with what joy, what thanks and praiſe,
To the Great Length'ner of her days,
What feelings not to be outdone,
Tow'rds her dear John, her only ſon,
Did the good parent take her ſtation,
And kindly own the obligation!
And now his tenderneſs ſhe pays,
By helping in a thouſand ways.
Deck'd in her beſt ſhe comes in view,
And ſerves the ſhop from twelve to two;
Knows not each price perhaps quite pat,
Yet keeps the croud in civil chat,
Till John himſelf comes up to ſell
A yard of lute-ſtring, or an ell:
Next to the Cook her aid ſhe brings,
And does a hundred little things:
Loves her own ſelf to lay the cloth,
To dreſs the ſallad, ſkim the broth;



At ſhelling peas is quick and nimble,
Tho' now grown tardy with her thimble;

And always puts you quite at eaſe,
Walks out, and leaves you if you pleaſe;
Plain as ſhe ſeems, has much good ſenſe,
And hence ſhe never takes offence;
And all agree, for all are lenient,
The good old Lady's quite convenient.
Yet let me add, if things go wrong,
Madam ſoon ſhews her fears are ſtrong;
And then ſhe gives a certain ſpice
Of plain and downright good advice;
Talks in a moſt convincing tone
"Of what *ſhe*'s ſeen and what *ſhe*'s known;"
And in a way that vaſtly wins,
Will warn you of her own paſt ſins:
Tranquil at eve, in elbow chair,
Tells what her former follies were;

Recounts her dangers, nice eſcapes,
Sad ſufferings once, and aukward ſcrapes;
And while ſhe paints her varied life,
Adds wiſdom e'en to Johnny's wife:
John, warn'd of her each matter weighs,
And Nancy trembles and obeys.

Thus ſome old ſeaman, once ſo brave;
And buffeted by wind and wave;
Of the rude ſeas too long the ſport,
Enters at length ſome peaceful port;
Rejoices now no more to roam,
Yet acts as Pilot nearer home.

END OF PART II.